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Robert A. Gomer's

THE
MADMEN'S CHRONICLE;

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE CONDUCT OF
GEORGE THE THIRD,
AND HIS MINISTERS,
TOWARDS THE
UNITED STATES,
FROM THE CONCLUSION OF THE TREATY OF PEACE,
TO THE PRESENT TIME.

TO WHICH ARE ANNEXED,
BIOGRAPHIC AND CHARACTERISTIC
SKETCHES,
OF THE KING, ROYAL FAMILY, PRESENT AND
EX-MINISTERS, &c. &c.

Nullum jam tot annos facinus exstitit, nisi per te: nullum flagitium sine
te: tibi uni multorum civium nece, tibi vexatio direptioque sociorum im-
punita fuit, ac libera: tu non solum ad negligendas leges et quaestiones, ve-
rum etiam ad evertendas, perfringendasque valuisti. *Cicero.*

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THE MADMEN'S CHRONICLE.

THE success of freemen in a war, depends in a great degree on their conviction of its justice and necessity. Once made acquainted with its causes and its objects, once persuaded that their national honour and their national security are at stake, they will be likely to prosecute it with an ardor, unanimity and energy, which no perils, no difficulties can ever abate, and which are always the certain harbingers of victory and glory.

In national as well as private affairs, a lapse of time serves to blunt, if not totally to eradicate, the resentment excited by unprovoked injury, even when inflicted by the ruthless hand of an insidious and inveterate foe. That this has been the case with America, there is strong proof in her forbearance and magnanimity. Many flagitious aggressions have, by the fluctuations of public sentiment, and from the distance of the period in which they were perpetrated, been obliterated from the recollection of many real friends of their country.

To revive those scenes of outrage, rapine and murder in the minds of our countrymen—to keep alive the sacred flame, new lighted up—in a word, to promote a correct and general knowledge of the ostensible and efficient causes of the war in which we are about to engage, are the objects of the following pages.

Let no American imagine that we are to take up arms merely to avenge the recent violation of our flag and our honour, or the death of our fellow-citizens, insidiously slaughtered in a moment of peace. Though these outrages, of themselves, would be sufficient to kindle (and they have kindled) an unquenchable thirst for honorable vengeance, yet they form only an item in the long catalogue of insults and aggressions, for which we are bound by the respect we owe ourselves as descendants of a gallant ancestry, to obtain the most ample retribution.

The peace of 1783 gave us what we had contended for—Independence. Although we had, by our valour and perseverance, extorted its acknowledgment from the corrupt court of St. James, and signed articles of peace, yet we have uniformly had “a peace like a war,” and have been subject to many of the evils of a state of warfare, without receiving any of the benefits of a belligerent

power. By the acknowledgment of our national independence, Great Britain formally relinquished all jurisdiction over us; yet, notwithstanding this abdication of an arbitrary claim to sovereignty over the United States, we behold her, on every occasion of importance, endeavouring, by indirect means, to render us subservient to the laws of the British parliament. Nay, in some instances, perhaps with a view to plunder us, before we could be apprised of their nefarious intentions, we saw them imposing vexatious and illegal restrictions on our commerce, contrary to the usage and acknowledged laws of nations.

Scarce had the ratifications of the treaty of peace been exchanged, and the seals and signatures become dry, ere the king in council issued decree after decree, imposing new shackles on our trade; particularly with their West Indian possessions; although by the very tenor of those orders of council, they acknowledged their dependance on us for supplies requisite to support the inhabitants of these islands. For though American vessels, freighted with produce of the United States, could not be admitted into their ports, yet they allowed those productions to be introduced in British bottoms. Their friends may say that this was merely enforcing the provisions of their navigation act; but we can confidently feel that we do not transgress the bounds of veracity, when we assert, that so indifferent were they about that, or any other statute of the realm, that they would have committed infractions on their stipulations, with as little remorse as a monkey would crack a nut, provided they could trammel our commerce by it; and that their ordering a strict observance of the navigation act, was only done in consequence of that law being favorable to their ultimate views—the ruin of our trade.

Had Great Britain been actuated by any other feelings, than those of an insatiate and implacable hostility to every thing that bore the name of American, she now had an ample field to give display them. We saw Messrs. Adams and Jay deputed to the court of St. James, to endeavour to negotiate a commercial treaty, but all their efforts were fruitless, and after a residence of several years at that court, the former gentleman found that he had only been pursuing a visionary object, which would probably never be realised by Britain, until she held all the advantages of negotiation in her own hands.

In 1784, William Pitt came into power. His conduct toward other nations is no further interesting to us, than it may bear upon our peculiar affairs. We believe the Irish nation, above all others, have little cause to venerate his memory; and next to them the American people have ample cause to execrate, the very hour that gave him birth. His enmity to the United States was greatly instrumental to his advancement to power; and, as

he had formed it such an excellent ladder for his ambition, he determined to pursue it to the utmost extent, as the surest means of preserving his tenure of office; and, to give the devil his due, although he may have been devoid of all sense of gratitude, to individuals, yet to this insuperable hatred to America, he offered large sacrifices, and put up daily orisons for its extension to the breast of every Englishman. He commenced his ministerial career at a period when Great Britain enjoyed peace in Europe and America, and in the lapse of only twenty years, he led that nation through more scenes of slaughter, rapine and national perfidy, than all the *Premiers* had done for a century before; and the glorious effect of all his vast projects was to raise a gigantic power on the continent of Europe, whose military career he could not controul, with all the gold of the British exchequer, and who now bestows kingdoms with more ease than the "heaven-born minister" would an half-crown. Among the benefits resulting to the English people, from his administration, we can trace none more likely to attract their attention and *gold*, than his nearly trebling the already too enormous national debt of England.

From a government so avowedly hostile to the principles and existence of our constitution and laws—so habitually depraved and profligate—whose addle-pated monarch commenced his glorious reign, with a rape, committed on the quaker girl of Hampstead; and after having robbed her of all that was dear to the existence of a virtuous female, honor and reputation, he basely, but with the feelings of a king, "whistled her off, and let her down the wind, a prey to fortune"—we ask, what could we expect from a weak and vicious king, aided and abetted by a perfidious oligarchy? Punic faith!

This was evinced by the conduct of the ministry, ousted by Pitt's manœuvres; and, as if they had not acted their parts, with a sufficient portion of diaboical zeal, he redoubled the animosity of our savage foes, the Indians, towards us. He was not content with secretly waging war, against a people with whom his government professed to be at amity, for one, two, or three years, during which period, we might have supposed that his thirst for human blood would be allayed; but from the moment he entered into power, 'till the gallant Wayne convinced the British *allies* and underlings, that freemen would avenge their wrongs, he pursued his perfidious plans of cowardly malice and fell revenge.

Many representations were forwarded to England from the West-Indian possessions, but without any other effect, than to confirm their implacability towards us, which must be gratified, even at the risque of the ruin and starvation of the inhabitants of those valuable appendages to the British crown. A mock reference

was, indeed, made to a committee of the council, to know whether they would advise the amelioration, prayed for, but those pliant tools of a crazy besotted wretch, true to their infamous trust, laughed at the miseries experienced by the poor West Indians, and recommended a continuance of the rigours of the navigation act, merely because it would serve to annoy our commerce.

As all our efforts at negotiating a commercial treaty with Great Britain were rendered abortive by the wily evasions of their hollow-hearted ministry, the people of this country, very properly, resolved to give "a Rowland for an Oliver," and adopt measures of retaliation. Public meetings were held in most of our commercial cities, and resolutions adopted, prohibiting British vessels from entering our ports, until they should consent to open their West India ports to our ships. The legislatures of some of the states, prohibited the payment of debts to British subjects, very properly wishing to retain a sufficient indemnification in their hands, in event of a rupture.

Among the many restrictions that affected our trade, we notice the following :

A duty of 18*l.* sterling upon every ton of oil. No remittance, therefore, could be made in that article, which is one of the staple commodities of our eastern states.

All natural productions of the United States were not allowed to be imported into Great Britain, or her dependencies, in any other than British vessels.

American built ships could not be employed in British trade, although they were owned by British subject; except they had become their property prior to, or had been acquired by capture during the revolutionary war. This dried up another important source of remittance.

An additional duty of seven shillings per *cwt.* on rice, imported from the United States, though it *must* be carried in British bottoms.

An extra duty of one penny per pound on tobacco, the growth of the United States, although imported conformably to the provisions of the navigation act.

These, and many other vexatious restraints on American commerce, were adopted, with a view no doubt, to monopolize the carrying trade, and at the same time to drain the country of specie, by which they expected to excite discontent among us, and eventually improve upon Pat's bull, to kill, not two, but three *stones* with one *bird*.

As if they were resolved to heap Pelion upon Ossa, they next excited the emperor of Morocco to commit depredations on the Americans. The news of the first capture of an American ves-

zel, by a Moorish cruizer, excited sensations among the loungers at Lloyd's coffee-house, that would have disgraced a nation of rude uncultivated barbarians. But thanks to the friendly intervention of powers, less hostile to American prosperity than Great Britain, the vessel and crew were not only released, but a treaty of peace and amity entered into, with the emperor of Morocco. It is almost superfluous to add, that the Moorish monarch and his successor, although frequently tempted by British gold, have maintained their good faith with us, with a degree of sincerity to which George III, and his herd of vile minions, are utter strangers. Avaunt! ye base crew! "*ye speak as if ye knew of friendship but the name.*" We wish the reverend and pious editor of the New England Palladium to recollect that the Moors are Mahometans—the British *call themselves*—Christians.

Disappointed in this attempt to exclude us from a participation in the Mediterranean trade, they set their engines of malice in motion, and, at last, prevailed upon the dey of Algiers, by exciting his cupidity, with prospects of vast gains, to be acquired from plundering our defenceless commerce, to declare war against us. In this attempt they were but too successful, and, as if the dey was not already furnished with a pack of blood-hounds, sufficiently numerous for his nefarious purposes, encouragement was secretly held out by Britain to desperate adventurers, to enlist under the "*moony standard.*" Perhaps some of the reverend defenders of British perfidy may tell us, that these villains, (like they have told us of the bloody Suwarrow), were the champions of Christianity.

The farce of selling Mediterranean passes to American vessels, was a lucrative speculation for his majesty's loyal merchants at Gibraltar. "It's an ill wind," says the old proverb, "that blows nobody good;"—but the British agents had raised the storm, and were of course entitled to compensation for their trouble.

The oligarchy of England affected to admit the necessity of establishing permanent regulations, by which our intercourse was to be governed. But, in order to evade the measure, they plead the inability of the provincial congress, to negotiate and ratify treaties, in consequence of defects in the constitution, which had not vested this power in them. They said they must treat with the individual states, if they wished to establish a treaty upon a solid basis. This mode of negociation has uniformly been pursued by Great Britain; and had it been practised with us, would no doubt have excited rivalry and animosity, if it had not led to a dissolution of the confederation. We may safely add this to the list of friendly acts we have received at her hands.

When our ambassador pressed the ministry for a definitive answer, he was cajoled by the specious pretexts we have already detailed, into a hope, that a further exercise of Job's virtue, would eventually ensure the attainment of the object of his mission.—It is not difficult to foresee that a similar course of deception, will mark the conduct of the present ministers; but we feel confident that their perfidy will not now succeed, as we have had sufficient experience to open our eyes to their nefarious views. Further, our present minister is not to be diverted from our demand of reparation for the unparalleled injuries we have sustained, by court gossiping, or receiving a few flattering attentions from the gracious *defender of the faith*.

The cities of Boston and New-York; provoked beyond forbearance, at the open attempts to ruin our commerce, entered into spirited resolutions, calculated to avert the meditated blow.

So far were those resolutions, adopted by our commercial cities and the suspension of the payment of British debts, by our several state legislatures, from attaining the proposed object, that is the rescinding of the vexatious restrictions on our commerce, the surrender of the Western posts conformably to treaty, and indemnity for the negroes stolen by the British and sold into the West Indies, that they only had a tendency to make them more insolent than heretofore. In 1786 not only the officers of petty marauders, but even the admirals and commanders of the British navy descended so far from the characteristics of gentlemen, as to heap the most unqualified abuse, upon the captain of every defenceless American vessel they fell in with. Our treaties with the Indians were rendered so precarious by the exertions of British influence, that the settlement of our frontiers was much retarded, and our Indian traders were almost deterred from pursuing their customary traffick, in consequence of the many robberies and murders perpetrated on them, both by *white* and *red* savages.

It may be urged by the sticklers for Britain, that the illiberal, unmanly and inhospitable reception major and captain Phelon met with, from the *loyal* inhabitants of Halifax, Nova Scotia, was not sanctioned by the government or its officers, but that it was the act of individuals. We beg those gentry to recollect, that altho' the most wanton personal insults were offered to those gentlemen, nay their lives even menaced,—yet the government knowing this full as well as the perpetrators themselves, never took any steps to restrain this disgraceful conduct; and certainly they

“bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not their punishment.”

That nothing might be alleged against us, as having obstructed the adoption of commercial regulations, we find that in 1788 all

the states repealed their prohibitory acts—nay every act that could possibly be repugnant to the wishes or feelings of the British ministry was rescinded. This was done at the special recommendation of Congress. Did Britain ever evince a disposition to concede half as much to us? Notwithstanding these concessions they not only declined negotiating with us, but persisted in retaining the Western posts, in violation of the treaty of peace.

From this period an uninterrupted series of national insults and private wrongs, were all the proofs of amity we received from the British government.

We reasonably concluded that we had long since arrived at the climax of forbearance, when the memorable French revolution re-animated all the inherent hatred of Pitt against us, and induced him to view the United States as the primary source of the horrors, which at that moment seemed to threaten all the tyrants of Europe with annihilation. There was no necessity for occasion to call the inveterate hatred, borne us by the *premier* into action; yet this event afforded him an excellent opportunity to excite the hatred of the European monarchies against us, which would enable him to wreak his pusillanimous vengeance, through the agency of others.

The adoption of the Federal constitution certainly did away the objection, started by the British government, respecting the limited powers of the old Congress, to negotiate and conclude treaties. Although this pretended difficulty had been completely obviated, yet we were not placed on a footing with other nations, in amity with England. The French revolution afforded them a new pretext for insulting us, and robbing our citizens of property to an immense amount, and they never would listen to our demands for justice, until they were able, by reason of the great stake they held, to become almost the sole dictators of the conditions of the treaty.

So that after imposing restraints upon our commerce, devoid of authority in the acknowledged laws of nations—after carrying off negroes, the property of our southern planters, and instead of manumitting, selling them to the *more merciful* West-Indians—after detaining our Western posts thirteen or fourteen years, subsequent to the treaty of peace, and in defiance of that good faith, which should govern the conduct of all civilized nations—after basely plundering our merchants of property to the tune of several millions—after these and innumerable instances of fraud, perfidy and violence, they at last condescendingly tell us, “now we will treat with you; and if you do not choose to subscribe to our terms, we care not a straw about going to war with you, as we hold a sufficient portion of your property to cripple your national exertions.”

This they literally effected; and we all know that the impolitic resentment, evinced by the French government, at our concluding that treaty with the avowed enemy of freedom, by which our prior stipulations with France were openly violated, was the real cause of "*the counter current*," by which only the British treaty was rendered palatable to the American taste.

Here let us pause. A treaty was negotiated and ratified by the two governments. Many of the articles were highly obnoxious to a large portion, if not even to a majority of the American people. Its advocates themselves could not justify all the conditions of the treaty, but urged an acquiescence on the poor plea of expediency, as they said "they are the best we could obtain."

Lulled into unsuspicious security by the conclusion of the treaty with Great Britain, our enterprising citizens navigated the common highway of nation, fearless of injury from the hands of those, whose government we supposed was not only bound to refrain from doing us evil, but even to do us all the friendly offices in their power. This security the British knew how to improve to their advantage, and did not fail to embrace it. The drunkard who has just settled a tavern bill, conceives himself entitled to credit on a new score. So did the British view the treaty; only the sot is generally more modest than they are, and diffidently asks for credit, but they do not use so much useless ceremony, and take what they wished, without the formality of a request.

The next grievance we have to notice, is the case of the celebrated captain, now commodore Barney. Immediately after the conclusion of the revolutionary war, this brave supporter of his country's liberties, engaged in commercial pursuits, and commanded a merchantman out of Baltimore. He was captured while pursuing a lawful trade, by one of his Brittanic majesty's cruizers. They put a prize-master and eleven hands on board his vessel, without removing captain Barney; and took about one half his hands on board their ship. Although Barney and his part of the crew, were inferior in point of numbers, to the British seamen, yet they boldly planned and bravely effected the recapture of their vessel. On his arrival at Baltimore, he delivered the prize-master and British seamen into the custody of the French consul.

Whether this proceeding, or the *villainous* crime of rescuing the property of his owners from the clutches of rapacious harpies, constituted his guilt, we know not; but we know, that on his next voyage he was again captured, and sent to Jamaica as a criminal—tried—and *sentenced to be hanged!* This sentence, it presumed, would actually have been executed, but for the interference of president Washington. He demanded Barney; and such was the veneration which even the most inveterate foes of humanity and the human race, paid to the superior virtue of this great character, that our meritorious fellow-citizen was rescued from the envenomed fangs of the greatest villains, scoundrels and plun-

derers, known since the dismal period of Buccaneering. We mean the officers of his majesty's fleet, and the *honorable* judges of the British courts of vice admiralty in the West Indies.

When we had so far kissed the rod of humiliation, as to sanction the British treaty, we very properly presumed that we now could pursue a lawful commerce, unmolested by the cruizers of a power, to purchase whose friendship we had made such large sacrifices. But we have long since perceived, that a man, ignorant of the art of swimming, may fall as well be tossed on the bosom of the ocean, and bid to seek for dry land, as to look for national faith, honor or political honesty from the corrupt court of St. James. For notwithstanding their stipulations to the contrary, they continued to capture our vessels, to rob, insult and impress our defenceless citizens.

They captured captain Jessup—ordered him on board a British ship of war, and when they could devise no pretext for sending his vessel into port for adjudication—or more properly to become food for worms—they proceeded to aggravate and insult him.—Not a coward by constitution, nor divested of patriotic feeling by an attention to commercial pursuits, he evinced a manly resentment at the ignominious treatment he received—he was seized—dragged to the gangway—and his back lacerated by the cat-o-nine-tails of a British boatswain!

In 1795 a British ship of war commanded by a fellow named Holme, entered the jurisdictional waters of the United States, with an intention of seizing the person and papers of a diplomatic character from a power in amity with us. He captured the vessel, *bona fide* American property, and then with the *modern modesty* of an Humphreys, insolently anchored in our waters. The official conduct of the governor of Rhode Island afforded this recreant officer, an opportunity to shew more insolence than either prudence or courage. He was sustained in this nefarious proceeding by his Brittanic majesty's consul for Rhode Island, Moore. This Moore was one of the *old tory stock* consuls—cousin to Phineas Bond—uncle to Wm. Moore Smith, of Philadelphia, Charles Smith, of Lancaster, and related to many other members of the British *corps diplomatique*.

The result of Moore's impudence to the Executive of the Union, and to that of Rhode Island, was the suspension of his consular functions, and a revocation of his exequatur. *Ought not a suspension by the neck to have been gratuitously added?*

We do not know what recompence Moore received from his government, for the loyalty he evinced; but we know that the scoundrel Holme, was created an admiral.

We have now to record a transaction consummate for insolence, and degrading to us for the pusillanimity with which it was submitted to. The United States sloop of war Baltimore, captain

Phillips, sailing under the American flag, and bearing the commission of the President of the United States, was boarded by an officer from the British ship of war *Queen*, commodore Loring—the crew mustered by the British officer, and (shame to us, to be compelled to relate the tale) five men impressed from on board her. After this *chef d'œuvre*, commodore Loring ran into Hampton Roads for water and provisions, with which he was amply supplied. Disgraceful as this transaction was to the American character, it was nevertheless salved over, in mercy to the feelings of the friends of the administration of that day. Mr. Secretary Pickering, it is true, did *affect* an affront with Mr. Liston, about the business. Mr. Liston, in turned snarled and shewed his teeth at Timiney; but an *explication* took place, and they were greater friends than ever.

Captain Tingey was not so civil as Phillips. When the commander of the British frigate *Surprise*, hailed him, and enquired whether *all* his men had American protections, Tingey, with the laudable spirit of an American, replied, “yes, look at my flag.” The British commander, probably supposing he might “*catch a tartar*,” desisted from exercising the right of search, claimed by those usurpers of the sovereignty of the Ocean, and deprived Mr. Liston of another opportunity of shewing his diplomatic skill, and Mr. Pickering from evincing how nearly he was related to Job of old.

Blount, a senator of the United States, from Tennessee, was tried for yielding to the enticements of British gold, and consenting to become their agent in a transaction, which would have inevitably plunged his country into all the horrors of war. During the trial, the conspiracy was traced to its source; and Mr. Liston was clearly proven to have been the father of the nefarious project.

True to their monopolizing views, even in time of war, when they cannot possibly carry on their commercial intercourse with other powers, with the same facility they were wont to do, while at peace, they have committed infractions upon the laws of nations, by declaring places to be in a state of blockade, when they have not had a single battery, or company of men on shore; or even vessels sufficient to allow them to venture within cannon-shot of the places besieged.

So careful were they of our interests, that a British admiral seized a captain Pierce, took him and his mate from their ship—kept them close prisoners on board the man of war, and delivered them up to an American consul, by whom they were sent to America; and all for only having a paper, written in cypher, on board, which this ignorant sea-porpoise of a British admiral, like old Doiley, in *Who's the Duplic*, sagaciously concluded to be something “damn'd deep,” for he could not understand it. When the cy-

phered paper was examined by Mr. Pickering, he declared its contents to be perfectly innocent, and this was all the satisfaction poor Pierce obtained, for the ignominious treatment he had received:

As if we were not sufficiently trammelled, and humbled into the dust, by the open violence, and secret machinations, of a pretended friend, though in reality an insidious foe, we blush to relate, that there were miscreants, called Americans, who were so deeply sunk into the abyss of infamy, so lost to all feelings of patriotism, honor or honesty, as to betray, for a few guineas, the liberties of those, who had been confided to their command. One of those wretches, called Askew, captain of the ship Northern Liberties, while lying at Whampoa, in China, by a *secret understanding* with the commander of the British ship of war Fox, had several men pressed into the service of those enemies to humanity. Askew returned to America, and strange to tell, never was prosecuted for this most villainous transaction.

Another diplomatic manœuvre of the immaculate Liston, came to light. It was discovered that he had been endeavoring to tamper with general Clarke, of Georgia, with a view to prevail upon him to undertake an expedition against the Spanish possessions, which the general rejected with a patriotic warmth, that reflects the highest honor on his character.

Captain Ebenezer Giles, of the schooner Betsey, was another victim of British barbarism and tyranny. He sailed under convoy of the British ship of war Daphne: upon some trifling pretext, a petty officer ordered captain Giles on board the Daphne, where he was beat in such a cruel manner, as to confine him to his bed for several days. He applied to Mr. Pickering, to have representations made on the subject, to the British government; but instead of receiving redress, he was loaded with abuse by the secretary, who placed more reliance on the "*hon honor*" of a British officer, than the oaths of captain Giles, and his ships crew.

When the President of the United States, in obedience to the dictates of reason, resolved on dispatching commissioners to Paris, to settle the differences with the French government, an avowed British hireling printer—a fellow who ridiculed the idea of becoming an American citizen—had the superlative audacity to threaten us with a war from England, in case we entered into an accommodation with France. The biography, career and exit of this vile miscreant are so fresh in the memory of the American people, that any comment would be superfluous. We only wish them to recollect that he was sent here, and paid for his services, by the British government.

By the intercepted correspondence, between Mr. Liston and President Russel, we discovered that the British government still kept her incendiaries amongst the Indians, endeavoring to excite

them to hostilities against us. McKee to the northward and Bowles to the southward. This was anity with a vengeance.

We pass over many atrocious acts of insult, fraud and violence, perpetrated on our government, property and citizens, and hasten to a conclusion. To note, minutely every atrocious act of villainy, would occupy more of our leisure hours than we can at present bestow, and require a volume of such an enormous bulk, as would alone be sufficient to deter thousands from undertaking its perusal.

The famous Miranda plot was another convincing proof of the friendly disposition of the Court of St. James towards our government. Another foul deep laid conspiracy against the peace and prosperity of this country, has been frustrated by the vigilance and firmness of the President. Upon tracing the affair to its origin, we should not be surprized, were it proven to have had its source, and the means of carrying it into effect, from the cabinet-council and treasury Great Britain. When we have already had so many proofs of British perfidy, secret and avowed hostility towards us, we ought not to feel surprized at any act of theirs, no matter how base, infamous or rascally it may be. We have proudly flattered ourselves with obtaining simple justice from the British government by the frequent changes in the ministry. But this was mere delusion; for whatever profession of honest sincerity they may make prior to their accession to power, the magic kiss of his majesty's hand, not only effects a change in sentiment, but actually obliterates the recollection from the tablets of their memory until they are ousted from office, when they pretend to awake to a sense of justice, as though it were from a dream.

From such a king, and from such a ministry as the present, what could we expect, but that the farther they progressed in infamy, the more corrupt the consellers of the moonstricken George were, the more reason we had to apprehend an encrease of enmity towards us. This inveterate hatred could, in some degree, be satiated, by plunder. But let the vilest of the vile—Melville, recollect, that although we may be subjected to the depredations of a potent navy, that prefer plunder to glory—nay, to honor and patriotism—a navy that can offend excessively, and injure deeply, yet they cannot mortally wound us—that, chimerical as they may esteem our prowess, we can at least inflict wound for wound—return blow for blow, if not eventually give them compound interest on their capital.

No sooner had the present ministry nestled themselves into power, than our political relations with Great Britain (already bad enough of all conscience,) assumed a more gloomy aspect than they had heretofore worn. The storm burst and fell upon our CHESAPEAKE. The resentment of every American, excited by this unparralleled outrage, is already engraven so deeply in their

hearts, as to render any comment unnecessary. They feel for their injured country, and will avenge her wrongs on the authors of our national disgrace. Although they suffer their resentment to pause until their government bids them to act, yet it is not to be inferred, that they have abated one iota of that feeling; that though the ebullitions of passion have subsided, yet the calm indignation of freemen pervades their manly breasts; a feeling utterly unknown to the base slaves, and servile minions of the besotted wretch who sways the British sceptre. When this indignation shall be roused into action, let those wretches beware, for then their coward hearts shall quail.

It is a fact, not generally known, that General Montcalm, who commanded the French garrison at Quebec, when assaulted and taken by the British under the gallant Wolf, foresaw the result of their enjoying the undivided possession of the North American settlements. This philosopher in his last dispatch previous to the battle, which terminated the lives of both Generals, after stating his embarrassed situation, and expressing his resolution not to survive the surrender of the place, goes on to suggest the probable consequence of Great Britain acquiring Canada; and predicts the final emancipation of the Colonies from the despotic sway of European task-masters. Part of his prediction is already fulfilled: the crisis is fast approaching when the whole will be completely verified.

We have stated some of the injuries and insults inflicted on us by Great Britain since she acknowledged our independence. We shall now compress them into a small compass, so that they may be distinctly known at one view.

1. They attempted to enslave us.
2. Endeavoured to destroy our trade by ruinous interdictions.
3. Violated in our ships the laws of nations, and involved us in a dispute with her enemy.
4. They repeatedly excited the savages to wage a war of extermination upon our defenceless frontiers.
5. They not only inflamed the minds of the Indians against us, but even *Tories* and *British Soldiers*, habited like Savages, wielded the destructive tomahawk and scalping knife, but too successfully in the defeats of Generals Harmer and St. Clair.
6. They infamously treated Captains Barney and McNiell.
7. Betrayed us into an ignominious treaty which they have repeatedly broken.
8. Carried bribery and seduction into our senate and remotest states.
9. Impressed our citizens contrary to our rights as an independent and neutral nation; and in defiance of a law forbidding our citizens to enter into foreign service.

10. They flogged and hanged our citizens for abiding by the laws of nature and their country.
11. In the case of the Baltimore sloop of war, they insulted our national flag on the high seas; and impressed seamen from on board that ship, carrying the national flag and commission.
12. They maintained a press in our metropolis, openly avowing its contempt for our constitution and laws—abusing our Chief Magistrate for seeking peace, and menacing us with chastisement for not going to war.
13. Sent Colonel *Bowles* from England among the Indians on our southern frontier—Colonels McKee and Brandt in Canada.
14. Murdered Pierce, and rewarded the assassin with promotion.
15. Fomented two conspiracies by which the peace and political safety of our union was endangered.
17. Villainously and in a cowardly manner attacked the Chesapeake, and forcibly took four American citizens from on board.

Americans! these outrages far exceed, both in number and atrocity, those which incited your gallant fathers to arms, in seventy-five. And shall it be said, that you, their sons, are less indignant at the wrongs of your country than they were? Shall it be said that you are less willing to defend the innumerable blessings you enjoy, but above all, that freedom, which belongs to you alone of all the nations of the earth. But no! Although your resentment is for a moment restrained, yet it does not slumber. When your government gives the signal, you will rush, like roused lions, upon those enemies of your peace, your happiness, and your independence. And then,

Away, to heaven, respective lenity—
Let fire-eyed Fury be your conduct.

Our revolution abounded in acts of patriotism, which would have done honour to Rome in her most illustrious days. A character, well known and much respected in Philadelphia, whom merit and virtue have raised to his present pre-eminence, at the commencement of the revolution, was an humble mechanic. No sooner was he informed that his countrymen were about making the dreadful appeal to arms, than he left his workshop, entered as a volunteer among the defenders of his country, marched and fought at the side of his numerous apprentices, whom he had clothed and equipped at his own expense. Mechanics of the present day! imitate such conduct, and you will find a similar reward.

APPENDIX.

GEORGE the third was born June 4, 1738. His education was committed to the famous Bute—that Bute who afterwards became the robber of his pupil's subjects, and first shut the doors of amity between Great Britain and America.

The man who now sways his iron sceptre over fifteen millions of human beings, inherited the avarice, the stupidity, and the other sordid propensities of his ancestors. Nor were they diminished by any virtuous example of his tutor, whose sole object was personal aggrandisement. And by what means could he more easily attain to this object, than by indulging and increasing the violence of his pupil's lusts? Instead of standing up, in the dignity of his office, to combat and subdue them, he extinguished even the small sparks of virtue, which sometimes accompany the most unfortunate disposition.

The physiognomy of Socrates is said to have resembled that of the god Silenus; it is said too that Nature gave him the most beastly propensities: but he enjoyed the benefit of wise and pious instruction, and those propensities were rooted out by the precepts of philosophy. George the third was born a Silenus, and his preceptor made him a Priapus.

Monstrum, nullâ virtute redemptum
A vitiis; æger, solâque libidine fortis.

His dull and heavy intellects were unable to comprehend the elements of science, or the first principles of language: his mean and grovelling soul derived no pleasure from the raptures of eloquence, or the delightful visions of poetry. The despotism, in which he was nursed, forbade him to view, with any other sentiment than contempt, the sublime virtue and exalted patriotism of antiquity. The charms of female beauty and innocence inspired only such passion as has since been felt by his *eldest hope*, at the sight of a turbot, purchased for a larger sum than would suffice for a year's maintenance of an hundred families. No wonder that such a man was the enemy of our virtuous fathers, or that he is the enemy of their descendants.

WILLIAM PITT was the degenerate son of an illustrious sire. Born with a nervous understanding, he was capable of deriving all the advantages of education which a judicious and fond father could bestow. In his youth he was warmly attached to

those manly principles of freedom, in which the immortal Chatham lived and died. His youthful heart was alive to every sentiment of virtue, and he viewed with loathing and abhorrence the hypocrisy and chicanery, by which, with a strange infatuation, the British court wished to deceive and inveigle every man whose talents they thought might be of service to them.

While Pitt thought he should be enabled to serve his country in parliament, the vultures congratulated themselves that they now had an opportunity, by the vilest artifices, of debauching his young and inexperienced mind. They succeeded—and Pitt enlisted under the grossest corruption and most cruel despotism, with which mankind have been cursed since the days of Caracalla. He henceforth directed the force of his masculine genius to crush the efforts of the friends of reform, with whom he had lately associated, and who had considered him as their most able and zealous leader. How well he succeeded in his new vocation, witness the unexampled, the almost incredible increase of the British debt! witness the worse than slavish condition of millions of British subjects, starving and deprecating their existence in poor-houses and prisons! Such are the blessings, Americans, which his successors, the honest Melville and the merciful Castlereagh, would bestow upon you and your posterity!

Though Pitt derived from various sinecures the enormous annual income of sixty thousand pounds, ster. (266,666 dollars) yet so vast was his extravagance—such enormous sums did he squander on diamonds, mistresses, Champagne, and faro-banks, that at his death, his property was insufficient to pay his debts, and twenty thousand pounds sterling of the public money were appropriated for that purpose.

Wine and ambition were the gods of his idolatry. His orgies in the temple of Bacchus ruined his health, and occasioned his death. At the shrine of ambition, he immolated the happiness and liberty of his country. His faithful biographer, while he *damns him to everlasting fame*, will display the melancholy picture of firmness, genius, learning, and eloquence, prostituted to the diabolical purposes of butchering mankind, and overwhelming the freedom and happiness of every nation within the reach of British arms and British arts.

LORD MELVILLE.

THIS man is descended from a family in Lothian. His ancestors, for a century past have been practitioners of the Scottish law, and signalised their cunning (the only requisite of a Scottish lawyer) in the ruin of many simple and unfortunate families.

Our possessor of Scottish prudence and discretion, by a marriage with the heiress of Melville, became a considerable landholder early in life; and arrived at some eminence among the northern pleaders. For though his pleadings were destitute of grace, elegance, and correctness, and unadorned by those happy allusions, which polite literature only can furnish, yet they were rich in those indispensable ingredients, juridical craft, logical acumen, and masterly artifice, which enabled him to speak with plausibility and apparent frankness on subjects of the most opposite nature.

He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west'side,
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.

Such an adept at political overreaching and intrigue was not long unemployed by the crown, and he obtained a seat in the house of commons, at the back of the treasury bench. Though the peculiarities of his northern dialect and phraseology exposed him to much ridicule from his new comrades, Dundas was not to be deterred, by such obstacles, from his *golden* views. He was quickly able to master the forms of public business—a species of knowledge, so dry, so difficult, so infinitely useful in parliament, (witness a late occasion, on which, by rigid adherence to forms, he stopped the course of public accusation against himself and the *rapid* duke of York) so useless everywhere else. He never affected that primness, preciseness, and rigour of morality, which forbid a man to connect self-interest with duty, and to choose the *expedient* in opposition to the *right*.

Such qualifications were not ill fitted to conduct him to pre-eminence in a court, where frankness, patriotism, and integrity were brow-beaten and hooted at. Now the man of North, now the man of Fox, he found himself at last the fast friend, and convivial tutor of Pitt. His alliance with the last of these placed him in the lucrative office of treasurer of the navy; wherein, before the face of the whole British nation, and in defiance of their cobweb laws, but agreeably to his own ideas of expediency, he appropriated immense sums to his private use.

Melville (unlike Pitt) once possessed an athletic frame, which, having long been a faithful and laborious minister to his pleasures, has degenerated into lank and feeble impotency.

This man now conducts the motions of the British government, and is the implacable foe of every thing that bears the name of American.

THE DUKE OF YORK

IS second son to the royal pair—and such is their partiality for this stupid, ignorant and besotted offspring of royalty, that in his infancy, they pretended that they discerned the prognostics of his future fame. He was placed in the army, for the purpose of eternising the royal name; and he most completely succeeded; for as long as history is read, the unparalleled swiftness with which he retreated over the Ypres, and the dexterity and expedition in retreating, which he displayed, at a subsequent period, in Holland, will never be forgotten.

The bottle fever seems to be a family complaint of the Guelphs; for from the king down to the youngest cub, not one is exempted from it. The writer of a celebrated and facetious work relates that “in an hour of festivity, when this royal duke was so much intoxicated as to fall senseless under the table, the prince his brother standing over his prostrate body, performed the ceremony of baptism, triumphantly and sarcastically exclaiming, *here lie the hopes of the family! ! !*”

He has for some time past held the rank of commander in chief, though not qualified to fulfil the duties of a drill-sergeant. We deduce our opinion of his unfitness from the failure of every expedition, that has had the misfortune to be commanded by this foolish duke of straws.

He is as much under the influence of women and wine, though married to the present king of Prussia's sister, and is as much a slave to base and grovelling appetites, as any of the royal brood. The nymphs of Berkeley Row are very well acquainted with his dukeship.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

A VEIN of stupidity and profligacy seems to run through the whole royal family. It has been whispered that one of his majesty's daughters, married to the former duke, now king of Wirtemberg, some time in 1797, was so much addicted to the reigning passion of the Guelph family, that even a third person made his appearance to confront her. But this lapse of youth was salved over with a good round dower, and as our John Peter Michael of a duke was a good natured man, he could not for his soul be so cruel, as to refuse a considerable sum of money, though coupled with a woman, of whom the world did not entertain the most favourable opinion.

Should the other princesses conform to the brilliant example of the queen of Wirtemberg, it is not probable that they will fare

the worse for it: it will only cost the British nation a few hundred thousands to render them marketable.

His grace the duke of Clarence was, early in life, entered a midshipman in the navy. He endured the drudgery of his noviciate with a degree of perseverance, not frequently met with in one of the blood royal.

During the American war, his grace was in New York, and although extremely young, was very troublesome to the modest, and the solace of the loose women of that city. Though his conduct was so highly offensive, no one dared to complain. In order to mortify the sprig of royalty, and cure him of his vicious habits, a tattered, inebriated female vagabond, by dint of a few dollars, was prevailed upon to ravish a kiss from the royal lips. This she accomplished; and when interrogated as to the inducement she had for making so free with the blood royal, she replied, with great readiness, "d—n his blood—'tis his body I want." This rencontre had its desired effect, for soon after it occurred, young William Henry left New York.

If any of the royal family ever evinced a philosophic turn of mind, his grace is certainly the man; for while yet in the navy, he went further than any of his nautical companions, and accommodated his passions to the climate. A dinky fair one is said to have enjoyed his grace's particular favour during his stay in the West Indies. Whether patents of nobility will be conferred on this mother of royal mulattoes, time only will determine.

Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated actress, is now the principal favourite with the royal son of Neptune, and even receives marks of attention from the royal family. Perhaps they know how to appreciate the adage of "birds of a feather flock together."

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

THIS *graceless* Duke is another instance of the superiority of titled profligacy to plebian honesty. He has so long and so uniformly addicted himself to the intemperate enjoyments of the bottle, that he has literally become case-hardened; and liquor has no more effect on his grace's pericranium than it had on the vessel from which it was drawn. Vicious by habit and constitution, he has long since bid adieu to decency and morality, and has entirely resigned himself to the most filthy, disgusting, and beastly sensualities. His grace forms one of the present ministry, for his ruling passions are inebriety, lust, parsimony, and ambition; and he will stop at nothing to gratify his wishes, except—paying for it out of his own pocket.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THIS worthy descendant of the Guelphs retains all the vicious propensities of his ancestors. Placed by the adventitious circumstance of his birth in the station of heir to a crown, he has given full sway to the most licentious passions that degrade human nature, and reduce mankind to the rank of beasts. "Tell me the company you keep, and I'll tell you what you are," is an old French maxim;—an adherence to it will define the character of this future sovereign of the British empire. Horse-jockies, blacklegs, pimps and bawds, have been his greatest favourites and boon companions, when, by his station in life, if not by his mental qualifications, he could have commanded the society, if not the esteem and respect of the best and greatest characters in England; yet with the mad enthusiasm of a descendant of the mad George the third, he constantly associates with the refuse, the very lees and dregs of society. To him the conjugal tie is a mere thread, which he breaks asunder whenever he meets an object that excites his sensuality.

As he does not respect the matrimonial rights of others, it is not to be presumed that a violation of his own would occasion very unpleasant sensations in his unfeeling breast. As far as it depends on himself, he lives in the daily practice of infidelity with any object, no matter whether it be a Cinderella, or a titled demi-rep.

With a greater revenue than the whole amount of the expenses of our general government, we see him or his father time after time soliciting the parliament to slacken the purse-strings of the nation, to enable him to pay only a few hundred thousand pounds of tradesmen's bills. Though the parliament have granted frequent largesses to this hopeful king that is to be, it has been shrewdly suspected that he applied the money thus obtained to other purposes than those intended by the parliament.

How superlatively blessed should we have been had Great Britain succeeded in her views of subjugation; but peculiarly so if George the third was now sleeping with his fathers, and his sceptre swayed by the magnanimous prince! Long since we should have been favoured with one of his majesty's illustrious sons as viceroy, perhaps the peaceable Ned, who, from the specimens of princely conduct he gave a few years since in Boston, would doubtless have vastly improved the morals of our youth, and would have strictly guarded the chastity of our wives and daughters.

MR. CANNING.

THIS fellow is the precious Secretary of Foreign Affairs! His origin was very obscure, from which he emerged by commencing

petty-fogging attorney, and succeeded so far as to recommend himself to the notice of the "*heaven-born*" premier. Pitt, concluding that Canning, base in mind as in person deformed, might prove a serviceable jackall and trumpet of his praises, and support his master's views, he procured Canning's election to a seat in the House of Commons.

Vicious as he is, Canning was not ungrateful for the favours conferred upon him. This is not conclusive evidence of his possessing a spark of moral virtue, as we know that a contrary line of conduct would have forever ravished from him "the loaves and fishes," which seemed to hang dangling to his view. His loyalty has been rewarded, and he now holds the ostensible station of Secretary of Foreign Affairs!

The protege of Pitt, whose enmity to this country was unabated through life, and never ceased till the breath deserted his debauched and emaciated carcase—his jackall, eulogist, and lick-spittle—What justice or reparation can we expect from a government, where such a malicious, wicked, and profligate wretch as Canning is, possesses such an influence over her councils, and shares so largely in the management of her parliament? None.

LORD GRENVILLE.

THIS venal courtier is the same Lord Grenville who negotiated the infamous British treaty with our minister plenipotentiary Mr. Jay. Reared and fostered for the base tool of a corrupt and profligate government, he has done ample justice to his tutors, and proved himself a perfect sycophant in the arts of court intrigue, and complete master of those little arts of mean address, and political quackery, which are so eminently necessary to advancement in the cabinets of Europe.

Patronized by his late relative, Pitt, he was occasionally employed to do the dirty business of the ministry, during his life-time. Upon his death he had the address to crowd himself into the Cabinet, as first Lord of the treasury; and although he and Windham have been ousted, and their stations filled by the most rapacious, unprincipled, and infamous set of wretches England ever produced, yet we are inclined to believe, that they will not be compelled to chew the crab-apples of disappointed ambition much longer: such a cordiality of hatred toward every thing that is American, will doubtless recommend them to the batch of worthies who now wield the force of the British empire, and ultimately introduce them again into power.

Pitt pursued with an enthusiastic ardor the diabolical Mandevillean political maxim, "*that private vices are public benefits.*"

Corruption, open and undisguised corruption, supported the fabric of Pitt's administration, and his relative Grenville, while ostensibly in power, strictly adhered to the principle and enlarged on the text.

Compared with the acknowledged corruption, rapacity, and infernal profligacy of the present ministry, the bloody period of Pitt's sanguinary administration may be hailed as a political millennium. Whatever good that infatuated foe to liberty may have done, is carefully consigned to oblivion by Melville and Co. and every arbitrary, corrupt, or venal act, carefully preserved merely as a text, on which they can expatiate or dilate as occasion may require.

Another instance will tend to Grenville's speedy introduction to power. While Secretary of Foreign Affairs, we believe, Grenville received dispatches announcing the death of the Emperor, Leopold II. so extreme was the sensibility of the Secretary, that it was with infinite difficulty he was kept from fainting. The recorder of this fact remarks, that had the dispatches contained an account of the massacre or slaughter of 100,000 of then republican French, very opposite emotions would have agitated noble Grenville's breast.

LORD CASTLEREAGH.

THIS vile parasite of the most corrupt and profligate government on earth, is a native of Hibernia. Though he is a disgrace to that country, yet we feel some consolation in reflecting, that all his countrymen are not of the same stamp. He commenced his political career as the plain Hon. Mr. Stewart, son of Lord, now Earl of Londonderry; and his election to the Irish House of Commons, is said to have cost his father the trifling sum of 30,000*l*. What a glorious specimen of the purity of elections in the British empire! Upon taking his seat he affected to side with the popular party, but not so decisively as to preclude all hopes in the minister's breast, that he might one day be gained over, if properly applied to; and perhaps, his opposition to the measures of government, was merely a trick to enhance his price.

Fully aware that honors and emoluments are almost exclusively in the gift of the crown, he did not long hesitate what course of conduct to pursue; and when the troubles commenced in Ireland, we find the present Lord Castlereagh supporting and advocating the most bloody and infernal measures, pursued by the British government, to quell the spirit of liberty excited in that ill-fated country. Although he is an Irishman by birth, he was foremost in recommending the most diabolical and sanguinary mode of warfare upon his own countrymen, and uniformly evinced a hellish exultation at the slaughter of the friends of his country's freedom.





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